

THE GOLDEN

HIND



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CONTENTS

LITERARY.

BY CHANCE: Poem by PETER RENNY ...	...	3
ECSTASY: Poem by GEAN ORME ...	...	3
STORM: By L. A. G. STRONG ...	...	5
MIGRATION: Poem by CLIFFORD BAX ...	...	17
CANDOUR: Poem by KATHLEEN FREEMAN ...	...	17
LIBERATION: Poem by KATHLEEN FREEMAN ...	...	17
PARALYSIS: Poem by STANLEY SNAITH ...	...	17
HUMOUR: By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE ...	...	19
TERROR: Poem by BRIAN HILL ...	...	21
IN-THE-ROOM: Poem by STANLEY SNAITH ...	...	21
INFLUENZA: By K. ARNOLD PRICE ...	...	23
REVIEWS: By H. J. BIENSTINGL, VICTOR BLACK, CLIFFORD BAX, ERIC GILLETT, PETER RENNY.		

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PEN DRAWING.

By HARRY CLARKE.

THE GOLDEN HIND

A Quarterly Magazine of Art and Letters

Edited by

Clifford Bax and Austin O. Spare

BY CHANCE.

See, where snow-crowned above the
swaying maybuds

A giant of earth towers to the blue
glad sky :

We shout for joy "mountains are
beautiful"—

Seizing the gilded moments as they fly,
Caging them, crying, "Beauty is here—
is here—"

And lo—as an entrapped bird in amaze,
Ceases the song for which we took it, so
The world lies suddenly flat before our
gaze.

Or, in an ancient town, passing at night
Through a black archway to a wide silent
place,

Walled by a calm façade of blinkered
windows,

A soaring tower by the corner, and the
bright face

Of a lamp, leaning out from the wall to
spill

A little pool of mellowness in the dark—

Then, by a chance, you may look up, until

The blaze of quiet stars touches to life

Beauty that slept there still.

So they have all said—(one, who praised
a rose,

Another, the age-old romance of spring,
A star in the dark, the sudden flight of a
bird)—

"We—we have caught Beauty on the wing,
For here, behold, we have made a beautiful
thing."

I think it is not so—her shadow indeed
Lingers an instant over us, then is gone.
Build you a house to hold her : you wait
for ever,

—Beauty is further on.

Peter Renny.

ECSTASY.

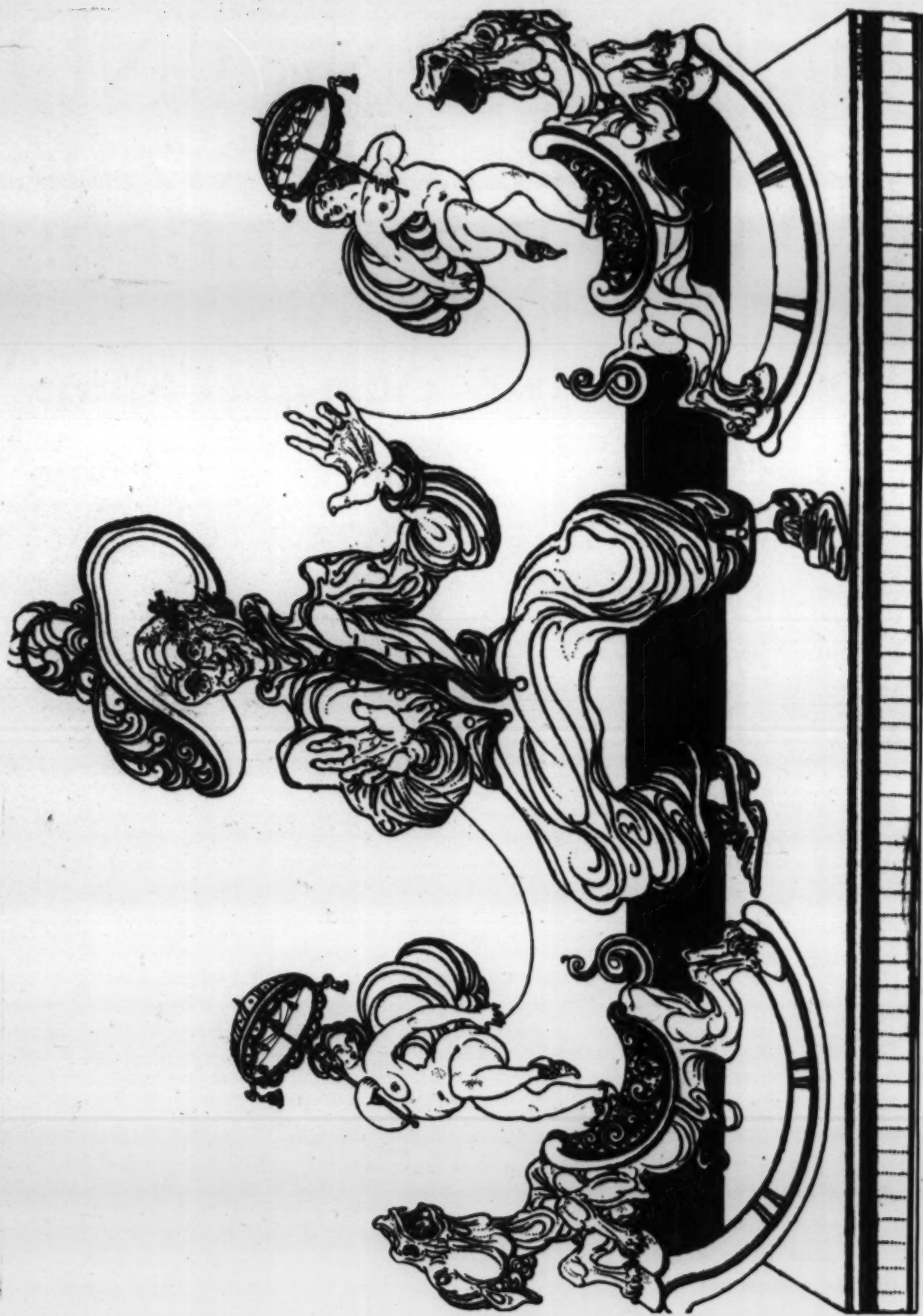
So far in love, so high in love, so deep
in love am I,

The dun days are become my stars, the
common earth's my sky;

And I would rather suffer (as I do and
shall and must),

Than see that heaven of stars put out,
and tread again the dust.

Gean Orme.



By ALLAN ODLE.

PEN DRAWING.

STORM BY LAG STRONG

SCOWLING blackly, muttering to himself, he strode along the rough lane that led to the open moor. As soon as he could, he left it, taking the shortest way up a steep slope dotted with squat furze bushes. He climbed powerfully, forcing his way upwards with savage thrusts of his thighs, plunging his feet down into the soft turf with all the strength of rage that was in him; bending forward to get the fullest measure of his power, heedless of the sultry sky and the sweat leaping out on him at every step.

In a couple of minutes he had reached the top, and, relieved from the pressure of the slope, swung along like a cloud. A little fitful breeze sprang up and touched his forehead, and even in his black mood he half consciously acknowledged its caress. Yet there was that in him which was intolerant of ease or relief, and made him press on fiercely, with great tearing strides. The main road lay two hundred yards ahead. His legs ate up the distance, as though by very will-power he could reach out and clutch it towards him; soon his hobnailed boots rang out in three sudden steps upon the road, and with a run and jump were hushed upon the turf beyond.

Two old men were mending the road a little further down. The voice of one came up clearly on the oppressed air.

"Stoorm be comin' up, I reckon, Joe," it quavered. Deeper, less clear, another answered it.

"Aye . . . bit thundersome, like . . ."

But the walker scarcely heeded them, or the coming storm they spoke of. Though the sun was shining sickly and uneasily, as if it had done something it was ashamed of, and though sullen clouds, with edges delicate as the fronds of maidenhair, were gathering over the valley from opposite quarters of the sky, and the birds twittered forlornly or with shrill alarm, he strode on in his shirtsleeves deeper and deeper into the moor.

Why should one yearn all earth and heaven towards a woman when she was near by, and lose her clean out of mind when she was away? Why the hell? Nay, still more, why should a woman be different in the very soul of her, when she was gone and when she was to hand? That was the biggest question of all. When she was to hand, placid, yes, easy, yes, ready to please, yes, never a one to assert herself—she was all that; damn it, she didn't complain of anything, she seemed happy enough, you wouldn't think she had a complaint in her. Yet, no sooner would he be gone, and the urgency of her out of his mind for the time—and that was a good job, for no man could live long at that pitch—than there would come a letter, full of God-knows-how-many whinings and complaints. Why had he said this and that (which he never remembered saying); why had he done this and the other (which he never minded doing); and why had he left this undone, or put such and such a slight upon her, and criticised her shortcomings, when no such things had been in his mind at all. When a man was with her, she was all smiles and yielding. Once he was gone, there wasn't a thing of all the things he had done or not done that she couldn't turn into a reproach against him.

Not a good, angry complaint, mind ye—he stumbled over a stone, and swore—but a little whining soft complaint. I know I am not good enough for you, and I'm willing to be the



PEN DRAWING.

JOHN AUSTEN,

dirt beneath your feet, but you needn't be mocking at me and turning my humble love to scorn. The hell!

Bile rose in his throat, bitter under the tongue, and he ground his teeth and swallowed grimly. Too damned placid, that's what she was. Why couldn't she have a respect for herself, and stand up to a man? But she couldn't, not in flesh nor on paper. Only nag, nag, nag, complain, complain, complain; and she hadn't even the courage to do that to a chap's face. No: nothing to his face. Once, when his feelings had been too strong for him, and he had gone a bit far—torn her bodice a bit—she had placidly pinned it up and sat looking at him with that silly smile of hers. Damn it, if she'd up and spoke her mind, fetched him one in the mouth, perhaps—why, then a man could shout, a man could laugh, take the adorable little vixen in his arms and crush and kiss her into submission. A clean fight, if fight must be, and a fiery passion to match his own—that was the woman for him. He wanted a telling off, now and then: he'd take managing from a woman that knew her mind and spoke it, but what use was violence and passion against a mere unresisting sheep of a woman who never struggled nor put up fight at all? No, nothing at the time, but all of it weakly afterwards in a letter. "I suppose it is only natural you can't respect me and treat me respectful as a girl should be treated, I'm so much below you. Give in to you too much, I have, and that is my reward, that you treat me like a low woman off the streets."

What did she know about women off the streets? It would serve her right if—. Words and talk, that was all, names and words and talk.

Just such another letter in his hand now. He straightened out the crumpled paper as he walked. The sweat from his palm had blurred some of the ink. No matter—a chap didn't want to read all that witpot again. All of it the same; complaining of this, that, and the other: but she'd done it once too often this time. By God, she had. Other times, he hadn't seen her within a day or so of a letter, and when they'd met his anger had cooled and her attraction for him had killed what was left of it. The moment he saw her it all melted, giving place to another fire her nearness never failed to kindle. And he resented this fire, hated and fought against his passion for her, since he did not need his Mother to tell him, again and again, that Daisy was not suited to him and that there could be no peace in such a love. Yet Daisy loved him, and—when his arms were round her—he loved Daisy. Each time he saw her his doubts were stilled, only to quicken like a litter of snakes, once the turn of the lane had hidden her from his sight.

But not this time. This time was different. This was to be the last of all. Her letter had come, when by a good chance there was nothing to do at the shed till a load of timber should come in after midday; and he had started off at once in the first heat of his anger to see her and be done with it. Thus he plunged along, the sweat running down his loins, under a sky that matched his mood. Nay, everything around him seemed to confirm his anger. Even as he tore along, he found time for a little surprise at himself, admiration for the persistence of his own wrath, which was generally a quick fire, blazing up and soon dead, like a gorse bush in March. But now the arid, lowering sky seemed to beat his own flame back upon himself; flame engendering flame.

A car stuttered along the road, which was now a good two miles behind him. It hooted sharply, perhaps at a pony straying in its path, and he heard with surprising clearness the noise it made changing gears on Merivale Hill. Roused slightly to his surroundings, he looked around. The sun was almost hidden: the sky was pale and leathery, and the black clouds towered above the valley. Well—let it rain. So much the better.

Over the next rise, and he would be in sight of the house. Not long, now. Grimly he set his thighs to this last effort, and grimly they answered. One minute, now. His head swung over the sky line. There—there she was—the fool—of all things—hanging out clothes to dry. With a thunderstorm just coming on. The crack-brained fool.

When would she see him. He raced noiselessly over the space between, to get as near as might be to her before she saw. Hanging out washing to-day. My God, what a fool.





LITHOGRAPH.

By GRACE A. ROGERS.

She was hidden behind a sheet. There was difficulty with it: it wouldn't stay up. Placidly she contended with it, and conquered it.

Near the gate now. Damn it, too late. She had looked up and seen him.

For an instant she stared, unable to believe her eyes: then she ran joyfully to meet him.

"Dave!" she cried. "My Davey! What brings 'ee here this time o' day? Come in, come in! I be that glad to see 'ee."

For a moment, at the sight of her, he felt himself grow weak, his loins relax, everything fade but the old craving to take her in his arms. Then he felt this very urge blacken and curdle and go sour within him: the innocence of her welcome, as though she had written no letter to him, her obtuseness to what had so sorely angered him, brought back his sullen fury tenfold. He stood scowling on her.

"This here is what brings me."

He held out the crumpled letter: but, in the shock of her first surprise, she did not notice, talking on happily to him, waiting for no answers to her questions.

"Come in, come in, sit down, and take a glass of cider to cool 'ee after such a long walk in this heat. Come in, come in..."

"This here is what brings me!" He cut her short, speaking the words harshly and loudly, holding out the letter in her face.

She looked at it, not yet aware of his anger.

"Oh aye, my letter, but never mind that now, 'tis so nice to have 'ee here, so unexpected and all."

Was the maid mad? Had she no sort of sense?

"I repeat, this here is what brings me." He swallowed hard, and glared at her, with an awkward tightness at the corners of his jaw. "In this here letter you lay several complaints to me about my conduct. You charge this against me, and that against me, saying I've served you inconsiderate and failed in respect to you, and such like."

He stopped, and swallowed again, while she stared in surprise at him.

"Every time after I've been with you, or 'most every time," he continued, his voice now deliberate and controlled, "you write me a letter of this sort, charging such manner of conduct to me. I've bore enough of it. I'm not a-going to stand it no more."

Comprehension came at last to her. She leaned her fair head back a little, a gesture that was invariable with her if any creature was to be soothed, from a frightened chicken to a human. The gesture he had loved insulted his anger now.

"Oh, that letter. Davey dear, don't mind none of it, don't pay no heed to it. It don't signify a bit! Come in, do 'ee, have a glass of cider and—"

"If it don't signify, where in hell's the sense of writing it?"

"Davey dear, never mind. Come in and—"

"And, if it don't signify, where's the sense of writing it every bloody time?"

Her eyes stared a little at the oath, but she made no comment.

"Davey dear—"

"Saving that up for the next letter, I suppose? 'You use bad language to me as if I was a common woman off the streets'" he mimicked, in exaggerated falsetto. "Wouldn't say it to my face, would you? Oh no, keep it to put 'pon paper. Bah!" He spat on the grass.

Tears gathered in her big grey eyes.

"Davey dear, I was wicked to write they letters, I should't 've said it. But you don't know what it feels like, alone here, with only father. I haven't a mother to help me and advise me. I only—it's only after you've gone—that—that I remember what she told me..."

She was crying now.

"What she told you? When? What did she tell you?"

"B—before she died."

There was a pause. He must not be cheated of his just anger. Crying. Damn women.

A hundred ways they had to sap a man's strength.

"Well, you can just make up your mind once and for all, your Mother or me. Either you stop writing me letters like this, or I see you no more again, never. Either you stop—but, damn it, you won't stop," he shouted suddenly, "you won't stop, you can't stop, it isn't in you, you cruel she-devil, you. You'll fault me, and dig at me, and reprove me, and lay it all on your dead mother in her grave. And it's you, it's you, it's you," he repeated, conscious of his own injustice, and the more furious because of it: "all the time it's you, and none other!"

A few big drops of rain fell, and even in the midst of her agitation he saw her glance anxiously round at the clothes on the line. Bloody Martha! He stepped close to her, and she looked round to find his red sweaty face a few inches from her own.

"Davey dear." She stretched up her arms, to put them round his neck.

"Davey, dear!" He tore her hands away. "Aye. Damn fine. Davey dear when I'm by, and devil ill treating of a poor motherless maid when I'm away, eh! One of these days I will ill-treat you—I—"

His fingers were biting into her plump smooth shoulders, and suddenly, in a realization that shocked him, he felt for the first time how passionate love can turn to lust for sheer cruelty. He felt half pleased, half horrified.

Daisy straightened herself up, and looked into his face with a dignity he had never seen in her before.

"Very well," she said quietly and simply. "Hurt me then, if you want to. Hurt me."

He grinned down at her stiffly, with a dry mouth.

"Clever enough. Clever enough. You know how to put a man in the wrong, don't you?"

With a gesture so sudden that it surprised him, he let her go, and stood clear from her. Then he turned on his heel and strode away.

That's all, all over. He hadn't hurt her. She couldn't say that. Walk away and leave her. That's the best way.

Oh, yes. Run after me. He strode his fastest. That's good for her. That'll make her fine bosom shake.

She was close behind him now. Well, she'd had a run for her money. He dodged once or twice till the childish indignity of it struck even him, and he stopped and faced her.

"Well," he said, "and what now?"

"Davey dear," she panted. "Don't go off from me like that—I can't bear it. Hurt me—serve me out—only don't go off and leave me. Hurt me—I want you to."

She clung to him panting. Her blouse had come open a little in front, he could see her breast heaving, close against him. Her breath came on his face in warm sweet gusts. All his body reeled towards surrender. One moment more, and he was gone.

He seized her shoulders and held her away from him. In her breathlessness, her head fell back, showing her parted lips and nostrils. He shut his eyes.

"No—you—don't," he said slowly.

She was really frightened now, she was clinging to his arms.

"No—you—don't."

"Davey—hurt me, beat me, anything, but open your eyes. Davey—you look awful. Open your eyes. Davey—Davey! Davey!" She screamed, tearing free a hand, and beating frantically at his face.

He smiled grimly, setting his face as against a hailstorm. What happened when one put forth one's full strength against a woman? Would she break? Would she hit her head on a stone and be killed? Well, she had a sporting chance, his eyes were shut.

Shifting his feet warily till he felt a good grip, he poised the distraught girl, took breath, and with the full deliberate might of all his body flung her from him. He heard the soft thud of her collapse and the little hiccuping cry it jerked from her. She hadn't hit a stone; good for her.

Then he turned his back on the sound, opened his eyes, and began to run. To run; just

quickly at first, then furiously down the rough slope of the moor. That was the way—shut your eyes. Then they couldn't get you. Who was the chap he'd heard of at school who stopped up his ears? Never mind: better to stop your eyes. Davey, dear. No, stop both, best of all.

He ran wildly, leaping over stones and bushes, shouting to startled ponies, laughing with what breath was in him.

"Davey dear. Da—avey dear!" he called as he flew down a steep place in great reckless strides. He'd break his leg if he put a foot down false. Never mind. Never— An enormous raindrop hit him in the eye so suddenly that he paused disconcerted, rubbed it clear, and looked up at the sky. For a moment he was sobered, for its aspect was appalling.

On a background that in some places was the colour of a wet lead roof, and in others a livid orange, great masses of cloud, blue, dove-grey, and black, moved restlessly. Over the valley a veritable tower of cloud continued to pile itself up into a solid mass. Smaller fragments from time to time clung to its edges, or broke swiftly from it. On his right a mass of violet and deep angry blue was tossing and shaking its edges, as a petulant woman her skirts: then, in a minute, it was as though she gathered them apprehensively around her legs. A cloud across the valley, that had been moving uneasily about as if uncertain where to go, stopped as he watched it, seemed to hover, and suddenly swooped earthwards, blotting out all beneath it in the dark feathery smudge of its disintegration. A cold breeze came up towards him from the valley, as if all the air there were trying to get away, before that huge imminent bulk of cloud came down; and the whole earth seemed to be crouching, eyes half shut with terror, in anticipation of the terrific flash which should let loose the storm.

Then Dave laughed once more, breaking the spell which held him, and plunged onwards. Let it come down, a wild weather suited to his mood.

"I'll race ye," he yelled to the lowering sky. "I'll be below in shelter before ye come down, see if I don't."

And he ran on even faster.

The road was below him, a staring ribbon. No sign of the two old men. They were well under cover, he thought, by now; and he spared time to chuckle, thinking of the consternation with which, from a chink in their retreat, they must be viewing so portentous a sky. Damn the day: sweating did you no good, a day like this. The hot air pressed upon a man: the sky was a pot of brass, rammed down on his temples. Aha, the road. Hullo, his legs were going a bit. Well, small wonder, you run nearly three miles, old boy, and you out of training and all; what would old Harry Greenwood say, good old Harry—damn rough going here, go easy—damn—go easy—damn—easy man, easy! Blast it all, you was nearly over then.

He was breathing painfully in great gasps, and the sweat was running into his eyes and blinding him. Ease up on the slope, can't see where you're going, damn it all, break your bloody leg in a minute.

He had found the track now, and was stumbling along it, panting and talking to himself incoherently. He knew he was because he could hear himself. Done up a bit, old boy; all right, after a rest.

Dark. He lifted his streaming face and looked up at the sky. Black—good God—black as ink, like a nigger's face looking down.

Then, as he looked, the sky grinned suddenly and evilly at him. He put his hand up to his eyes, and staggered. With a rattle as of all the steeples in heaven cracking and crashing down, the storm broke, and with it, in a glaring hissing flood, the rain. Half blinded by the lightning, and deafened by the thunder, Dave cowered before the rain in sheer incredulous horror. It hit him in the face like water slapped on him by derisive devils from a bucket. There wasn't, there couldn't be such rain. It was a river, he'd fallen in a river. Holy God, he'd be drowned. Keep your head down, you'll be drowned else.

Rain. A white, gleaming, roaring wall of rain, blotting out the land. Even the incessant lightning was only a dazzle on the rain, like light shimmering through the slits of a Venetian

blind, and above the steady roar of the rain the thunder could scarcely be distinguished.

Then, abruptly, it lifted, dwindled to nothing : and David, with the roar of it in the woods below him, found himself crawling laboriously on hands and knees towards the shelter of a little group of bushes, in an atmosphere the colour of pea soup.

Better now. Cautiously he raised himself, and at last stood, barely able to support the weight of his dripping clothes. Better : it had eased off a bit. Not all over yet, though, not by a long chalk. You could almost write with chalk on that sky, it was black enough. Of course, the lightning did that, didn't it ? Of course. That was the chalk. Funny thought, that. Never had a thought like that before.

The darkness thickened, and suddenly everything was hideous blazing light ; and David had time to see a tree just in front of him, every branch agleam like pale silver, topple slowly over and subside. Then he fell into blackness.

Hundreds of catherine wheels of many colours were being sprayed up from a fountain in long curves. They made a whirring noise, mim-m, mm-m. They were pulling the blood in a chap's head, yes, they were most certainly pulling the blood in a chap's head, all up into a point. Unbearable tight pain, hard luck on a chap, soon it will burst. Gup—phisss—ss—ss ! It's burst, those are its drops spattering his face. No, it's cold, and blood drops would be hot, wouldn't they, yes of course. It's rain, cold rain. The storm isn't over then, no, but it's better, it isn't so heavy, that rain isn't, because he is face uppermost and if it was like it was before he'd be drowned—perhaps you are anyway, Dave.

Lord have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us, Lord have—

Where was he ? For a moment he couldn't get up : then he battled through some dripping foliage, and stood up unhurt. The sky was clear, the rain was gone : under the sun the drenched landscape winked and glittered, and a thousand birds carolled wild thanksgiving for their deliverance from the storm.

Weak, but wonderfully clear in mind and spirit, he staggered out on to the track, his strength coming back with every step he took. A lark shot madly up in front of him, filling the sky with a delirium of praise. Then sudden remembrance came to him, and he stopped in horror. Daisy !

All his bile and bitterness of rage had gone with the storm : sane and clean, he was appalled to recollect what had been happening before it. Daisy—what had happened to her, lying maybe senseless in the storm, waking perhaps in terror, rising to run, struck—. He winced, and fell on his knees in the road.

O God, Who has spared Thine unworthy servant—no, he was no servant of God, he who browbeat women and flung them on the ground, a strong brute—but spare her, O God, let her not be killed, O God. I love her, and maybe I've killed her.

He blundered to his feet and began in a jog trot to make for the moor once more, whipped on by keen agony. What had come over him to behave so. He had been mad, possessed by a devil, as the saying is. Poor girl, he saw it all. It was her very goodness he had struck at. When she was with him, she loved him so that she could refuse him nothing. When he had gone, she would remember the words of her dead mother ; words to which, he now saw, in her ignorance of the world she could not give their true value, bless her poor little heart. And thus loyalty to that dead counsellor, and honest desire to break no jot of a code she had been too young to understand, had made her write those letters full of fear and anxious doubt. He pictured to himself, as he laboured on, what those last injunctions must have been : pictured the little girl by the bedside, with gray, wide-open eyes, trying to take them all in and remember them. "Yes, mother dear. No, mother dear." Poor little Daisy : he groaned to think of his own blindness. Never mind : he would make it all up to her, if—oh God—if she were not dead, drowned, struck, if he had not killed her. But if she lived—kind God, good God, let her be alive, don't punish her for my sin—why then, he planned innumerable tendernesses for her, making his way over the moor towards her home.



By JOHN AUSTEN.

THE ENCHANTED FLOW.

Daisy, once more hanging out her washing about an hour after the finish of the storm, looked up to see Dave stagger towards the gate. With quick solicitude she ran forward and caught him by the arm just as he was about to fall.

"Why, Davey dear," she cried "you're all wet! Were you caught in the storm? Come in, my dear, and I'll get 'ee some dry clothes."

David raised a haggard face, looked at her, and fell on his knees.

"Thank God," he whispered, "you're safe, you're safe."

She blinked at him.

"I didn't hurt you? You weren't out in the storm?"

"Out in the storm? No—dear—no! What's more, I got the washing in in time, before the rain came."

"I didn't hurt you, that—that time I threw you down?"

"No, Davey dear." She became grave, as she helped him up the path. "Davey, I'm sorry I vexed you so. I must have vexed you dreadful, unmeaning. I won't do it no more."

She piloted him into the kitchen, and sat him down before the fire. "Sit there, till I get you some dry clothes. Then I'll go away while you changes."

"Daisy," he said meekly, as she went to the stairs, "Daisy, I was out in all the rain. I was nearly drowned . . . I saw a tree struck with the lightning close in front of me, Daisy."

She looked back at him over her shoulder.

"Yes," she said, "dreadful rain, wasn't it?"

Left alone, he felt weak, and stared dully into the fire. The storm had swept him clear of anger and indeed of all emotion; he had little thought but the need to make her understand his remorse. Why wouldn't she understand at once? He was too tired to explain. Well, she was safe, anyway, thank God. Yes, thank God for that. He wasn't a murderer, anyway.

He heard her cross the room above and saw her coming down the stair: first her feet and legs, then a bundle of clothes, and last of all her face, rosy from stooping, smiled at him.

"Here be the clothes, Davey dear. They be father's. He'll have took shelter down to Merivale, I'll be bound. He's a good one to look after himself: better than my Davey."

He caught her arm, and spoke to her almost in despair.

"Daisy, hearken to me. I was out in the storm—you don't know what it was like: I was knocked down, Daisy, almost drowned, and a tree struck flat beside me."

"Poor darling, then. Hurry up now and change out of they wet clothes."

"—and . . . listen, Daisy . . . when I realised . . . I realised that God had spared me, an awful fear came over me that you were lying out in it all, dead, that perhaps I'd killed you, Daisy . . ."

It was no use. She was only half listening. Her eye was roving round the room, towards the big oak dresser.

"Stupid!" she said, turning to him with a smile. "I was in long before the rain came. I came straight back and took in the washing. Now, hurry up, there's a dear, do, and when you're ready I'll give 'ee a glass of cordial, so as you won't take cold."

And with a last injunction to hurry, she was gone.

Well . . . She wouldn't understand, ever. So far as she was concerned, his agony had been for nothing. Yet he had served her bad, there was no gainsaying that. He must treat her more loving, more understanding, in future. Perhaps no women had more imagination than that: perhaps they were all as ready to take anything, cruelty, violence even, from the man they loved. Perhaps—

It was clear to him, as he stood up and let the sodden clothes fall heavily from his body to the floor, that, though the storm had washed away a great load of bitterness and misunderstanding, the problem of Daisy was not yet solved.



PEN DRAWING.

By JOHN AUSTEN.

MIGRATION.

Older than I are the houses
By which I am walking,—
Twenty or thirty years older :
And when they were builded,
Where, and what manner of creature,
Was I who behold them ?

What was I doing, I wonder,
When over those workmen
Floated or shimmered an April
Or June that I knew not,—
I to whom earth and her builders
And houses were nothing ?

Here to this life I have travelled
From far, over mountain
Ocean and plain ; and, it may be,
Remember, though little,
More than the swallows in England
Remember of Egypt.

Clifford Bax.

CANDOUR.

I have no secrets from you ; I am clean
And clear and open, like a wind-swept
road,
Firm to the tread, patient to bear the load
Of travellers' steps, straight to the promised
goal.

Naught is to fear ; no treacherous ravine,
No bottomless abyss beneath your feet
Gaping, no tortuous forest ways to cheat
With vistas vain the going of your soul.

You turn, and follow with regretful eyes
The windings of the valley far away,
Veiled in blue haze ; dearer to you to stray
You know not whither, in the deepset lanes,
Than tread the road that cleaves the windy
plains ?

Dearer to you than certainty, surprise ?

LIBERATION.

The fear of love is heavy on you ? Strain
No more against me. If indeed I hold,
As your defiant lips and eyes have told,
In my two hands the ends of this your
chain,

See now, I let it fall ; go free, go seek
Your old beloveds, earth and sea and sky,
Rainbow and grass and running water ; fly
To the loveliness you dread to lose, and
wreak

Your vengeance on me with a laugh grown
gay,

And eyes no longer terror-filled ; away !
Why do you linger ? Does the chain still
cling

About the feet I bade go free ? Then
fling,

Yourself, if you have power, the coils
apart.

You cannot ? Curse, then, your own
passionate heart.

Kathleen Freeman.

PARALYSIS.

This is my hour—when you come in
With flowers loosed from far wood and
lane

And all Spring's whisper and colour and
thrill

Clinging you, the close room is stirred
With scent, and fresh as if a bird
Had sung in it. You cannot know
How I—who have lain alone, the prey
Of shifting and plotting silences,
Watching the steady marble press
Towards the heart's narrow warmth, so
long

That Time, light once, has come to mean
The dusty vacancy blown between
Green hours like this—how avid I drain
Down to its springs your flusht news
Of blossom on the Brigsteer boughs,
New leaves, and flowers, and birds' song.
Things lovely always, but lovely now
Through memory, luminous unto pain,
Of days that shall not come again—
Nor how, when you are gone, and the worn
Scents fade, and thought fades in them,
and I,

My own impassable prison, lie
Sodden with yearning, it seems a thing
Ironical, bitter, yet queerly good,
That you who know not earth nor me
Should be my last one link with Spring.

Stanley Snaith.



WOODCUT.

By GRACE E. ROGERS.

HUMOUR

BY ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE:

THE roads in our neighbourhood were up, and every 'bus was coming down our street, which ordinarily has none. It was amusing to see the people in the stranger-buses, looking at this little bit of London, perhaps for the first time in their lives. You could read in their faces the same sort of curiosity which one feels in foreign lands; and you felt, yourself, like a "native," the subject of speculation and an aimless kindliness—often a face would smile at you, as if to say: "So *you're* the kind of person who lives in this street! Quite nice. . . ." One smiled back with a queer sense of having given them some fun.

But I, who have no sense of humour, sometimes felt a little angry when they stared, as if at an aborigine or a freak. After all, there wasn't anything eccentric in living here. However, I had got used to feeling like a native, and to the noise, which was terrific. It was in summer, so one had to have the windows open. I was translating Heine, and at first the noise had bothered me. I found it difficult to keep the rhythms in my head; for I was at the "North Sea" pieces, which are unrhymed, and get their effects by the varieties of cadence.

One morning I was doing a particularly complex piece, and the noise began to worry me again. My head was spinning; I got restless, and I left my desk and went out on the balcony to take a breath of air.

As I stepped out, I saw that one of the stranger-buses had broken down beneath my window. There were the usual prostrate figures, the usual fringe of idlers; and there was, too, the crowded 'bus-top with all eyes fixed on the native who had so obligingly relieved the tedium of their waiting by this apparition. To me, they were at first an indistinguishable mass; but those on my side of the 'bus were close enough for us to have spoken, had we wanted to.

And there, as near as that, was a man I had not seen since we parted (in the room behind me) with a desolating coldness and finality, one day about two years ago. His eyes were so near me now that I could see the lashes; and we were staring at each other with a crass solemnity. Startled, spontaneous; he as much as I. It must have made a finer spectacle than ever for the others! But it's only since that that has struck me. At the time, I was (and he was) as it were "the thing itself." What one so seldom is—entirely, for a moment, natural.

He didn't lift his hat. I'm sure he didn't. Could I have failed to know and to recall it, if he had? I can't believe I could. For, no matter how one's overwhelmed, one's eyes take pictures that come back to one. No: like two people at a "crisis" on the stage, we stared at one another.

Then—for the 'bus was still immovable—I turned away. I moved towards the farther end of the balcony. I knew just how I moved. Strange, the self-consciousness that works outside one, as it were! Myself, I didn't know at all what I was doing . . . unless indeed, as I have sometimes thought, one really does know then, and only then—in the actual moment, I mean. Or is it the after-light that truly illuminates? I don't think anyone can be sure.

Anyhow, some part of me could register my every movement; and I knew that I had turned, that I had moved, with the same lightness which he had admired in me—and had told me so, how often!

Perhaps it was the consciousness of that which made me want to look again ; perhaps I thought I should surprise the old admiring, following look. At all events, I turned my head and saw that he had turned round on his seat, and that he *was* watching me. But not with admiration—or more truthfully, with admiration but with humour too. A smile, not mocking but amused ; as though he said within himself : " She knows I must admire that, whatever happens ! "

Humorous—that was it. And long ago we had agreed that I had very little humour. I used to face it out. I used to say that humour was a subterfuge, a way of hiding defeat from one's-self—and that it was paralysing too : " It leaves you where it finds you," I had said. And I had meant that it supplies so much for vanity to play with, that it does deceive its proud possessors into apathy. Since they can smile at themselves, they are content to—smile.

There's truth in this ; but now I was to learn that humour doesn't always leave you where it finds you. For what happened then, as I beheld his humour play upon me, was that I perceived the comedy of my conceit, of my desire to see if it were still impossible for me to move in just that way without delighting him. . . . I saw the humour of it, and I smiled at him. It wasn't in the least put on. No irony, no sentiment—a single-hearted, merry smile, right in his eyes.

The 'bus moved on, and this time he did lift his hat. We were both smiling still. I have a sense that other faces turned as well ; the native really had been fun, to-day !

. . . Well, what about it ?

That depends upon—upon one's sense of humour. I have none, that moment notwithstanding. I feel that we threw away something more valuable, for those smiles. We were smiling at more than each other : at whatever it was that made us at first stare like a pair of fools. A pair of fools to whom something had happened that counted.

The smiles have made it into something that doesn't count. And—for me—they've made it into even less than that. They have abolished it—whatever it was.

So humour doesn't keep you where it finds you. I'm like the people on the stranger-'buses : I've been taken up a street I never knew before ; and quite nice people live in it.



CONTEMPLATIVES.

By CECIL FRENCH.



By CECIL FRENCH.

TERROR.

Curled closely in his little bed
He lay and through the window pane
Watched the large moon rise dusky red
And lose herself in clouds again.

Inside the room a silence lay
Like years of dust on everything :
The furniture he loved by day
Loomed dim and strangely menacing.

Outside the voices of the rain
Whimpered and chuckled. He could
hear
A cat scream like a thing in pain,
Some wailing wind-tossed shape of fear

Lost in the darkness. Suddenly
A chair creaked in the goblin pit
They called a room by day, and he
Felt his heart leap at sound of it.

Was it a chair? *And nothing more?*
Suppose some leering long-dead man . . .
With desperate small hands he tore
The bedclothes from his face and ran.

The thousand clammy hands of night
Plucked at him from the walls and floor
Till, stumbling, sobbing, blind with fright,
He somehow found his prison door,

And flung it wide. . . . The light that
burned
Sentinel in the passage-way
Leaped shouting in the room and turned
The hideous night to lovely day.

Brian Hill.

IN THE ROOM.

Strange that a ray of moonlight should
So light me through your mood,
And vision probe so straight and deep
After the long blind sleep.

The evening room had deepened to dark
And the fire starved to a spark,
And still we sat each watching each,
Perplexed with secret speech.

I was worn weary under the stress
Of that dense quietness,
And mazed with striving to solve your form
From the gloom's atom storm.

Yet fiercely our two wills clung to keep
The silence whole. So deep
We sank in silence that the flash
Startled us like a crash.

The room was emptied of its night,
In that chill slippery light
Walls, chairs stood shadowless, fragile, wan,
In trickling pallor drawn.

Sharp in your face the lit thought stared
As if in a dream snared,
And through it I saw with instant bright
Stab of unswerving sight

You, fugitive, remote and strange,
A world not in my range :
Like any stranger I might meet
And pass in a thronged street.

Stanley Snaith.

INFLUENZA

BY K ARNOLD PRICE.

GREY light, stark and unavoidable, entering through the uncurtained windows and beating on his unrested lids; the prickly annoyance of a blanket against his cheek and the huddled superfluous knot of sheet on his chest, but newly dwindled from the monster shapes that had oppressed his sleeping body; these and other sensations, blurred in his foggy-consciousness with the lingering images of an unpleasant dream, were invaded and sharply driven out by the blaring precision of the postman's knock.

He was out of bed and rocking on his feet before he remembered there would be no letter from her. There could be no letter from her. Never again. She had said, I never want to see you again.

He remembered everything.

It was all true. Starkly, unavoidably true, like the morning light falling unkindly on the devastated bed, on the pipe and tobacco ash and half-burned matches on the dusty table by the bed.

Well, there was something to be done, surely. Something, anything, that he might not stand in his pyjamas with chilling feet repeating stupidly, Never again. Surely the routine he had followed for ten years would not fail him.

Of course. With some release in his brain, it came back to him. He lit the gas ring in the sitting room, put on the kettle and started to dress. In one of the flats someone was making coffee. He saw her again, bending with pursed, anxious lips over the steaming saucepan, stooping neck and small black head emerging from an absurd and expensive peignoir. He hated coffee. But he had drunk it and been glad with her strange eyes companioning him at breakfast. That was eleven days ago, when she had been unbelievably kind for a day and a night.

Bread, butter, sugar, teapot, knife, plate, sardines, fork. How intolerably burdensome it all was. No milk. But it didn't matter. Nothing mattered.

The sodden trees in the sooty gloom were standing along the edge of the pavement like dilapidated whores. They had some obscure connection with the foul, unremembered dreams whose flavour still lingered. But he must keep on looking out. Behind him her eyes were fastened on him, mocking the misery of his bowed shoulders. He would get up and take the drawing down and gain peace by tearing it into shreds. But he lacked volition to move. God! He was going mad.

She would never sit with him again.

She would never write to him again.

He would never see her again.

There would be no more happy platonic hours of talk and smoke and work. No more walks, pacing in intimate silence through the broken lights of a dripping wood. No more evenings of laughter, when he stood, proud and diffident, on the edge of the group that gathered round her. Everything in his life belonging to her must be eradicated. Well, that would be quite simple. He would wipe her out of his memory.



WOODCUT.



By NORA WRIGHT.



ST. PAUL DU VAR.

LINOCUT by GLADYS FIELDING.

Collected Poems of Dr. Donne. Collected Poems of Suckling. Intentions, very slim and shabby. Cezanne, immensely tall and thin and virginal in its transparent wrapper . . . Divagations . . . Vathek, Wessex Poems, Bouvard et Pécuchet . . .

Heavens, there was no escape. The room was full of her. There was not a book she had not read aloud, abused, coveted or borrowed. *The Forerunner* lay open face downward where she had left it the night before last—countless centuries ago now—when he had crawled from bed and dressed, although still aching with “flu,” because she was coming in to sit with him. He had lain on the divan and listened to the gurgling voice, content to open his eyes occasionally and see near him the long black silk legs, the narrow white hand upholding the book and the silhouette of moving lips and pointed chin.

Ill and tired as he had been, her nearness had soothed him, the non-committal friendliness in her boyish manner had contented him.

There were the poems she had been revising with him yesterday when the catastrophe had occurred. He could not touch those yet—not yet.

The novel?

It must go differently now. There was no faith in the world, nor grace, nor beauty, since

she had denied the undeniable, taken back what she had given for ever. There was an article for which he ought to do some reading in the British Museum. He loathed reading in the British Museum. But it was, amongst intolerable things, barely tolerable.

He went out. It was still early.

The innumerable passing faces tired him. The multitude of alien eyes meeting his were unendurable. Every woman looked at him passing. Their eyes were dishonest, appraising, commercial.

In the British Museum, after a drugged hour of reading and note-taking, he was stabbed to fresh memory by a whiff of familiar scent from a woman's sleeve. His eyes smarted with sick loneliness. Oh Joan! Joan!

1.30 p.m. He drifted into New Oxford Street and took a bus down Shaftesbury Avenue. Where was he to lunch? He couldn't go to their club—she might be there. He must shun their favourite restaurants. He was an exile. London, the London that had been his and hers, a secret, sympathetic, inexhaustible city of delight was become strident, sterile, baffling. He saw Piccadilly foam up before his eyes. He was a Londoner, and he felt as lost as if he were on a race-course. Tobacconists—he had never seen so many of them. And he didn't smoke. Florists. He had never been in one in his life. The windows held erect, self-conscious roses. They would be bought by men wearing grey bowlers for women wearing strings of pearls. Once he had bought lavender in the street for Joan.

The Trocadero let in and out a ceaseless stream of people. Bah! Penny-in-the-slot machine. He wouldn't go in there. It wasn't contempt, really. It was fright. Just fright. He didn't know the idiom of these people. He didn't know anything about them. Could he make up his mind to cross Piccadilly Circus? He had crossed a thousand times, striding down to His Majesty's in his old black cloak, crossing bareheaded and care-free to sit in the Café Royal or to spend an hour with Joan in Bond Street, looking at pictures, running to board a bus and sit on top in pale spring sunshine.

"Hallo!" and with growing conviction, "Hallo! It is you, Shaw?"

Beady eyes, blue jaw and satyr mouth in conjunction brought a name almost effortlessly to his lips.

"Yes. How are you Taylour?"

"Well, what a welcome to give me. Do you know that I've been away nine years? Nine years! Do you know that I've only just arrived from China and yours is the first familiar face I've seen? Come and have lunch with me."

They went into a restaurant together. Some faint sensation of relief, almost comfort, stirred the languor of Shaw's blood. What was it?—mere human gladness at the sound of a salutation coming out of a crowded empty world?—relief at having his memory pulled back to the spacious days of nine years ago when he had known no ecstasy of pain or happiness? He was busy analysing it and lost several of Taylour's remarks.

"You've had a Great War over here," remarked Taylour.

"Oh yes," said Shaw dispassionately, "a bloody war."

A girl at the next table had a stooping neck like Joan's. But her hands were short, with blunt finger-tips.

"And now you've got into the hell of a mess with Ireland. What are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" said Shaw.

You have stubby, kind hands, not long and cruel like hers. You are not beautiful, incomprehensible, faithless, adorable. Ireland? Babbling, lecherous, efficient fool.

"What the hell is Ireland to me?"

He saw his words rebound from Taylour's startled eyes. A boor, an unnecessary boor!

"Sorry. Been having 'flu. Feel stupid," he said.

"You don't look very fit. What about a little dinner to-night somewhere? Are you



PEN DRAWING.

By ALLAN ODLE.

game? I wonder where is Betty now? You remember her? God, what a woman, what a woman!"

Shaw, watching the satyr mouth grin, felt his own irresistibly widen.

"Oh I'm game," he said. He remembered Taylour's little dinners. Foolish, commonplace, and now entirely inadequate. But it was not yet two o'clock and the day must be lived through somehow. Leisure he must not have; solitude he must not have. Better to watch Taylour and his lights o' love proceed through the various stages of drunkenness than sit in the flat, with her eyes watching him.

He went back and worked until four. At four he went to see Mrs. Murray Smith. Society, strangely enough, even the most Philistine section of it, accepted him as he was. He knew how he appeared to Society—blond, loose limbed, young-old, clever, immune from the necessity of being either invariably polite or invariably rude. Yes, it was strange. But it no longer interested him. Even his egoism was gone. It was only as Joan's lover that he had had any vanity, that he had even been pleased with the praise of fools.

The drawing room was full of noises—fluting voices of women, the noise of feeding and the devastations of a young man playing Scriabin.

Phyllis, with her silly flickering blue eyes, said:

"Have you read . . . ?"

He couldn't hear what she said. There were so many noises. He seemed to accumulate noises as the day went on. Taylour's guffaws, the rustling of leaves, the cries of the newspaper boys—they were all mingled with the Scriabin.

He said rudely:

"I don't read high-brow books, except as part of my job. When I'm off duty I read W. J. Locke and Maurice Hewlitt and all the scarcely-saved."

He watched her eyelids flicker. Of course she could not have said that, for it would have been true.

John Martin button-holed him and led him aside to tell him a brand-new indecent story. It wasn't funny, but he said ha, ha, politely and was released. His hostess manoeuvred him into her group.

"The difficulty about Ireland," said a serious young man, "is that the Irish people express themselves in terms and gestures which need to be interpreted to English people and there is no one to interpret them; the majority of Englishmen are apathetic and there is no one to wake them; those who could do it are either too cowardly or too cynical."

"Quite. Quite," said Shaw, bored.

"I think," said the gentle hostess, "we who are making such a fuss about Ireland are also cowards. We are more anxious that justice should be done in Ireland than in India because it is nearer, and hunger-strikes and executions taking place beside us disturb our comfort."

"I quite agree with you," said Shaw gently.

Very remotely, beyond the bourdonnement of noises and the dark wall of despair that encompassed him, the graciousness of her voice and presence drifted to him comfortingly. She was a back-number, of course. No use at all for a novel, any more than Joan. Silver-voiced old ladies and beautiful heroines were saleable only to the *Girls' Magazine* or *Woman's Realm*.

He walked back with that ass Peyton. The rain drizzled. Peyton's thin voice came with it, intermittently.

"What do you think of Fletcher's new book?"

"What do I think of it? Best thing he has done of course."

"Not better than 'Weeds'?"

"Well, obviously. Anyone who might conceivably have bought 'Weeds' had already read it in manuscript. Now, I believe the first edition of 'The Cauldron,' is nearly sold out."

"Oh, of course, as a seller . . . But it's mere propaganda, not Art."

"Art be damned. It's only those who can't write best sellers who turn high-brow and talk

about Art. Lord, if I could write like Jeffrey Farnol, I'd have enough money to—"

But of course that wouldn't come off now. For one sleeping moment he had forgotten. He plunged on.

... "To plant a harem and a garden in the Canary Isles or St. Kilda, or anywhere out of reach of Income Tax and Peace with Ireland."

After all, what a gibbering, insufferable idiot he must seem. Everything was alike intolerable, the society of fools, the loneliness of his interior life. But by all means, Art be damned. He would lightly give all he had written, all he hoped to write, to hold her in his arms again. That was what she could not forgive. It was because he would not say he loved his Art better than her beauty that she had left him in bitterness and contempt, with cruel words. Now she was far away and that terribly austere, objective, impatient mind of hers would be digesting fresh matter, forgetful of him. God! He wanted to saturate his senses with her, feel the weight and warmth of her body on his, nurse her long hands, taste again the scent of her skin and hair. The longing for her rippled through his blood. Unconsciously he paused, trembling. A woman standing on the kerb spoke to him, then put her hand on his arm. He shook it off without a word and walked on. He went into the nearest Post Office and sent a wire to Tylour, excusing himself from dinner. Then he began to tramp the glistening streets.

A shrill white moon rose up above the roofs and stood smug and round in a high empty sky. There was no beauty in that sky. No relief of low drifting clouds came to fill its emptiness. It was part of the néant in which he was drowning. The wet streets were a dazzle of chromatic lights, harsh and wearying to the eye. Blue and red and green clockwork buses skated dizzily over them, syncopated by a toy policeman. Ambiguous women in fur coats, bareheaded and scarlet lipped, were passing him. Unambiguous women, scarlet lipped, were coming out of the Express Dairies. The Savoy was vomiting tin taxis. Each held two wooden dolls, freshly painted and varnished, with a wooden chauffeur at the wheel. Their headlights threw veering angles of 45 degrees of white light on the polished black street. *Ballet Géométrique*

He passed under the cream-coloured cardboard front of the new theatre. Impossible to imagine it had any insides. Just a cardboard front . . . got no guts. That was what was wrong with London. Got no guts. It was a silly little mechanical show like the shows in the windows of the Bon Marché and the Magazins du Louvre before the jour de l'an. Run by a silly god, some vulgar arriviste of a god with a passion for advertisement. He saw himself immensely lank and tall in a Max Beerbohm cartoon delicately upsetting a cardboard London with the pointed toe of a preposterously long foot: *R. C. R. Shaw grows tired of London*.

His body seemed to be dwindling like Alice's in *Alice in Wonderland* when she ate the mushroom. It dwindled until it felt too small for his clothes. It was pathetically thin and shivering and neglected. He lifted a long cold hand and looked at it affectionately. He felt so sorry for it. No one cared that he was walking about in the rain, cold and wet. He could have wept. The hoot of a passing motor tore remorselessly through the tight pain in his head. He thought of his rooms, dark and empty, impassive, inexpressive. If he walked fast, he got too hot and wheezed. . . . He didn't want to go down to the Elephant and Castle. The name had been fecund of all sorts of possibilities to him as a small boy. *The Elephant and Castle*. It was a title, the title of a fairy tale or an adventure story which had borne him company from the time he first could read the sign on the front of a bus until he was thirteen or so. He had continually remodelled it, bringing it up to date with his changing taste and widening experience. He used to make it up at night, going to sleep, or in church, or in the tube when they got stuck. The other day he had caught himself thinking of it on top of a bus in Holborn.

He didn't want to go up to Holborn. Once, when he had had rooms in Bloomsbury, he had got lost in Holborn. He had tramped for an hour, bewildered but grim, disdaining to ask his way until, suddenly, in a perfectly strange thoroughfare he had seen Barclay's Bank and the familiar face of the clock at the top of Fleet Street Since then he hadn't liked Holborn. If he went up there to-night he should get lost again. But he hated Ludgate Circus.

The people had stopped passing him. There was no one on the pavement anywhere near him. His boots made a great noise on the pavement, a heavy unaristocratic noise, like the boots of a policeman. There was no resilience in him. He was very tired, yet he must go on walking. There was something he was defying—fighting, surely? Something mustn't get the better of him but he couldn't remember what it was. If his knees and collar were not wet he wouldn't mind the rain.

At last he was standing still, looking down into dark water. He was no longer dizzy and the bourdonnement of noises had left his ears. His brain felt wonderfully clear, almost omniscient. He could think, unhindered by emotion. All fear, loneliness, craving, the melodrama of self-pity and reproach that had borne him company all day fell from him. Art! What was he, an infant novelist, she a minor poet, to talk of Art. He knew that his love for her would never cease. He knew that there was nothing he could say to mend the quarrel. She was beautiful, fascinating, intelligent, but she did not understand. And because she did not understand, and the fools he met did not understand, he must live in splendid isolation like God Almighty.

He wouldn't take a taxi. He would walk home and put himself to bed with his customary precision. He trod the pavements of London with measured step. London was his own again. He had conquered something. He had lived through one day. He had emerged. He was himself, self-poised, self-conscious, unafraid.

He let himself into his flat and turned on the light. At this rate he wouldn't live very long. There would be no need for a commonplace and melodramatic suicide.

Time was an illusion. He was no longer the young-old Shaw. He was old.

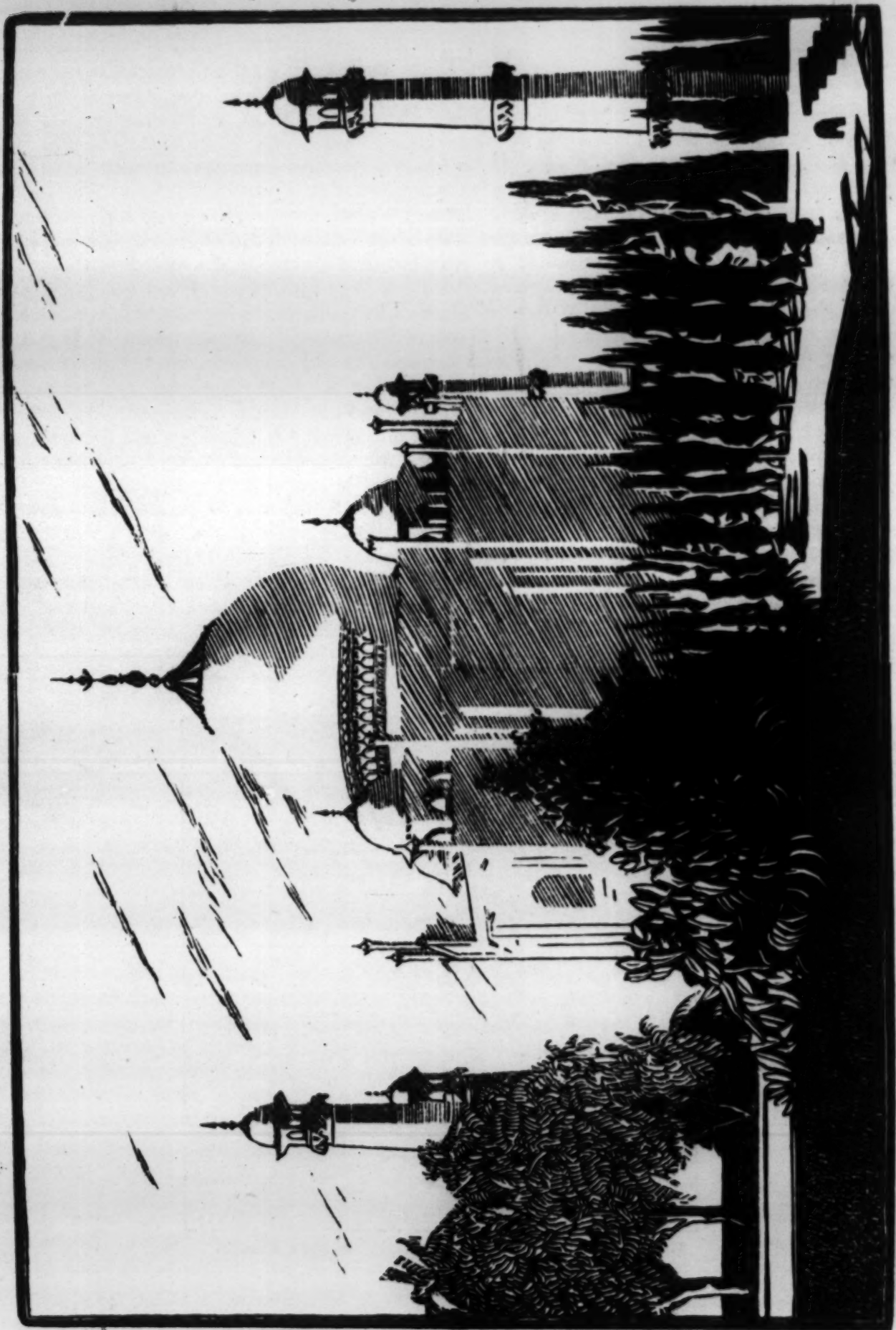
He emptied his letter box of the day's accumulation of letters. There was a letter from his mother and one from his publisher. There were two catalogues from booksellers and a bill from his dentist.

And there were three letters from Joan Farrington.



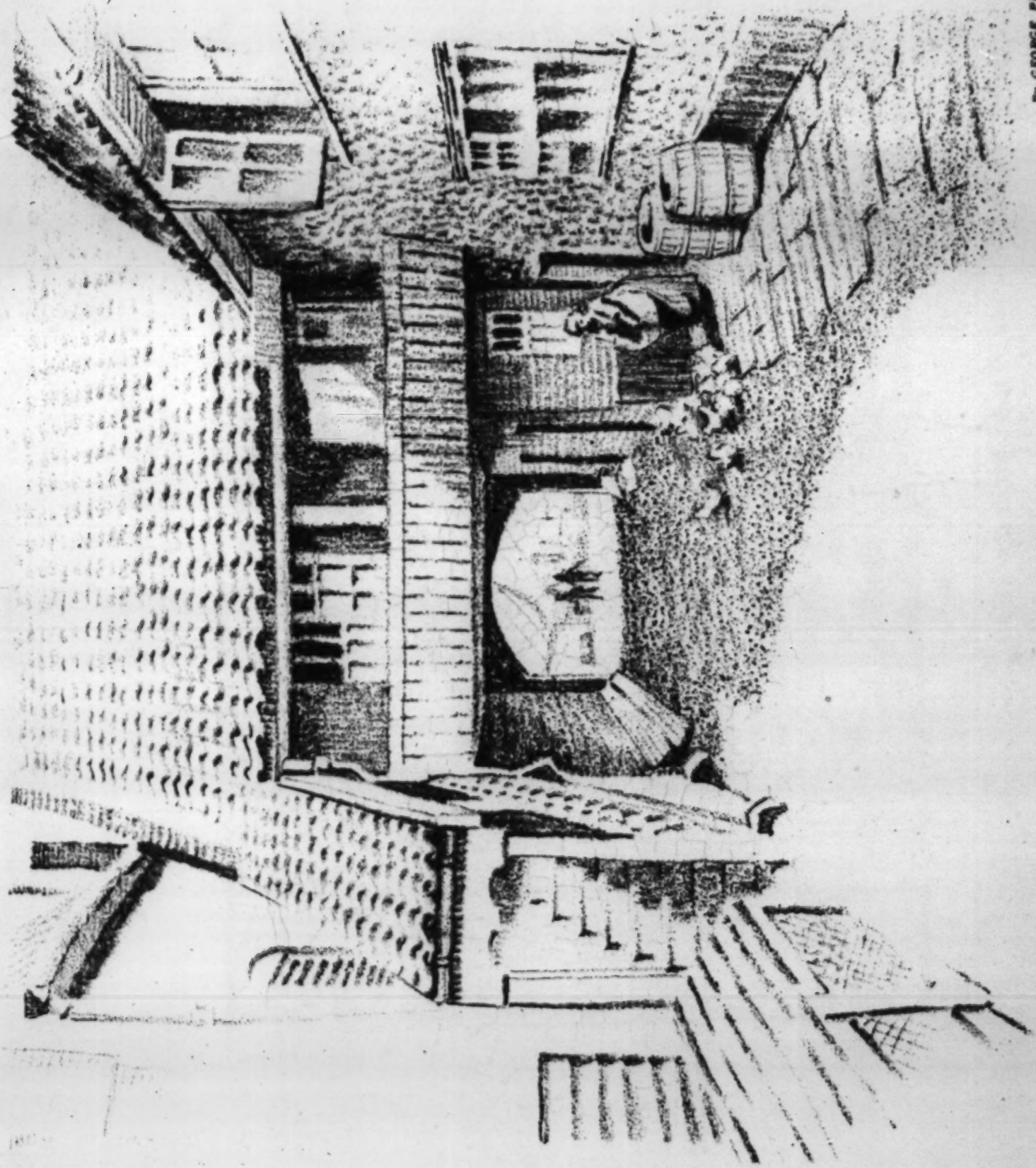
WOODCUT.

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REVIEWS

MODERN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. London. Chapman & Hall. Price 21/- net.

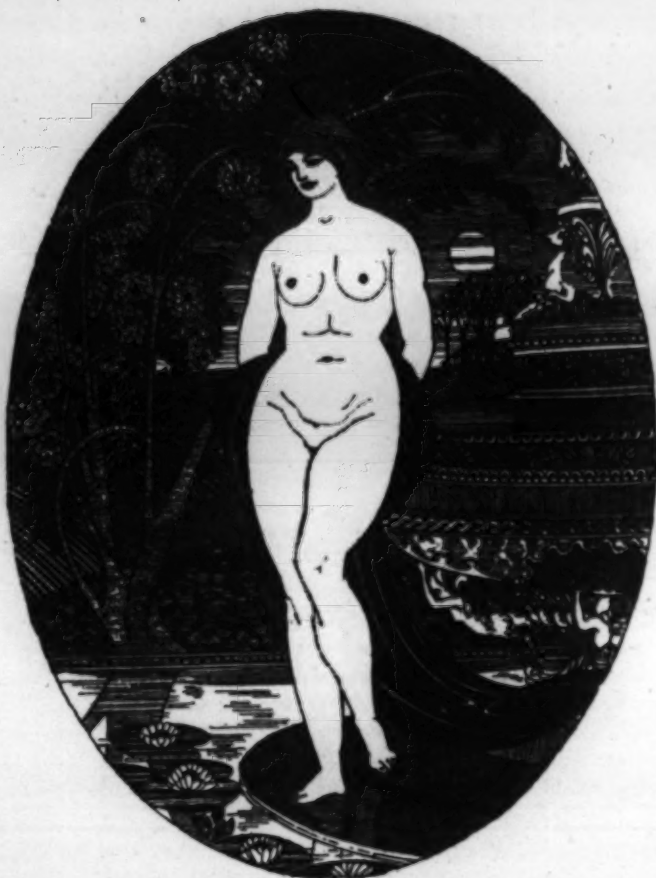
It is in the nature of a platitude to state that no art can flourish without intelligent patronage. There are two reasons; a human or psychological reason, and a financial reason. The first is constant with all forms of art, the second is varying. Pen and paper cost little; canvas and paint cost more; bricks, stone, and mortar cost most. Architecture, therefore, more than any other form of art, expresses both the ideal outlook of a nation, and its attitude towards that particular art. Historical generalisations show us in Greek architecture a love of pure form, very little subordinated to general theories; in Roman architecture a desire for grandeur, together with immense engineering skill, clearly the outcome of disciplined labour; in Gothic architecture form subordinated to construction, but the embellishment of which is that of individual craftsmen, each expressing a kind of religious fervour; in Renaissance the architecture of dilettanti and scholars, created to adorn the lives of rich patrons rather than to express national life. Then after two hundred years' self-consciousness, doubts arose owing to the increase and accessibility of knowledge; finally industrialism spread utter chaos abroad, a chaos from which we have not yet emerged; a chaos rendered more dreadful owing to the change of values resulting in a relegation of art to a low place in the scale of human values. Building activity enormously increased, but an interest in architecture dwindled, and the two terms are by no means synonymous, even if that which they express may be inseparable.

A happy portent for English architecture to-day is the rapid increase of a lay interest. On all sides there are signs of it. The daily press comments and criticises, while the output of books, addressed primarily to the general public, grows apace. Of these Mr. Marriott's book is the most valuable exposition which has recently appeared; in it are to be found a skilful analysis, and a scholarly understanding.

There are two primary causes still making for chaos to-day, the one, to which reference has already been made, is the growth of self-consciousness, due to the fact that records of the world's entire past achievements lie on our book-shelves, and records of the entire present achievements are well nigh instantaneously available through the media of our press and our wireless. Spontaneous inspiration must suffer. To this cause Mr. Marriott makes insufficient reference. The other is the vague and inexact needs of the day. The best architecture is that which expresses a real and concise human need: a church with a definite ritual, rather than a church which hesitates between concentration upon the altar or the pulpit; a theatre designed for the definite purpose of enabling an audience to view a play upon the stage, rather than a vague cinema-theatre-ballroom-club; a shop designed for the definite purpose of selling some single commodity rather than a vast emporium whose purpose would seem to be to "trade upon human credulity and exploit the desires rather than the needs of silly women."

No impartial critic of the age can deny that among its most pronounced and unpleasant characteristics are vulgarity and bad manners. Now, just as the preservation of the amenities of urban life depend upon the acceptance of certain standards of manners and deportment; the abstention of annoying our fellows by aggressive conduct, the formalities of dress suitable to the occasion and the like, so, too, the amenities of urban architecture depend upon the acceptance of a like code. If a man may not stand by the roadside and make faces at the passers-by with impunity, he should not be permitted to commit the far graver offence of erecting a building by the roadside whose presence is an outrage to anyone whose susceptibilities are not entirely dulled. And if a man dons certain appropriate clothes to attend his wife's funeral, his brother's wedding, to play golf or to go hunting, so, too, urban buildings should, to some extent, indicate their purpose by their exterior appearance; by adhering to certain conventions. Laxity in these matters is leading to blatant and offensive vulgarity on the one hand, and utter confusion on the other, since multiple-stores are designed with contemptuous disregard for their surroundings, and with forms which are now suggestive of a cathedral and now of a village inn.

But no period of architecture can be considered as an isolated phenomenon, and no period of architecture can be usefully discussed except in relation to the age which produced it. It is here that Mr. Marriott's book is of such immense value. He sees architecture as a continuous growth, and he consistently relates it to its age. No one, neither architect nor layman, can



PEN DRAWING,

By A. T. WARBIS.

read the book and not be enriched. And the layman will acquire an additional advantage. The text and profuse illustrations will familiarise him with the works and names of living architects, about which there exists to-day a lamentable indifference and disgraceful ignorance; both acting to the detriment of good architecture.

H. J. Birnstingl.

WOODCUTS AND SOME WORDS. By E. GORDON CRAIG. With an Introduction by Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E. 10/6 net. Limited edition on large paper, £3/3/0. J. M. Dent.

Mr. Craig has here written, in a rambling but lucid manner, some entertaining autobiography, some excellent—if elementary—instruction about wood-engraving, and some reflections upon the art of acting. Perhaps, if he had given his material a more definite direction and had resisted the lure of bypaths, his essay, though it could hardly be more charming, might have been less tantalising: but, even if the reader should feel that he is being taken in his slippers on a tortuous and unconsidered journey, he will like his gay and whimsical companion and he will be well rewarded when he arrives home among Mr. Craig's woodcuts. The book contains about seventy specimens of the author's expert handiwork, chosen from the production of twenty-five years; and no one who buys the book need fear that he will regret his purchase. In addition to Mr. Craig's Woodcuts and Words, he

will find a lively and instructive preface from the pen of a writer who knows as much about the subject in hand as any man in our country.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING, by C. LEWIS HIND. Vol. 1, From Giotto to Turner. 25/- net. Chapman & Hall.

In this volume, which contains 108 illustrations, Mr. Lewis Hind has attempted to cover a field so vast that inevitably he appears to be striding through the centuries in seven-league boots. The reader is likely, however, when the book is back on the shelf, to regard landscape painting with a quickened interest; for though Mr. Hind has not been able to convey, within his allotted space, the causes of his pleasure, he does communicate his enthusiasm for the subject. The reader, we must admit, is likely to accumulate irritation as one painter after another is named "the Father of Landscape Painting." Possibly Mr. Hind is ironical in repeating the phrase so often, but, if so, he should have made his irony unmistakable. Again, he writes with so little revision that twice on one page (169) he tells us that a picture signed by Goyen revealed, under treatment, the sub-signature of Seghers: and twice within a few lines (pp. 53-54) that one of Hubert van Eyck's miniatures is in the Trevulzio Collection. It is startling, too, to find the "u" and the "i" steadfastly transposed in the words "Giuseppe" and "Giudecca." Nevertheless, Mr. Hind writes with courage and high spirits; and the general reader, whom I claim to represent, may derive much profit from this bird's-eye view of landscape painting,—and, from the well-chosen illustrations, a pleasure that should endure through life.

Victor Black.

THE HARLEIAN MISCELLANY. Edited by HENRY SAVAGE. 12/6 net. Cecil Palmer.

William Oldys, secretary to the second Earl of Oxford, chose from the Earl's library a sufficient mass of literary curiosities to fill ten volumes, and these were duly published in 1744-1746. Mr. Savage has reduced the ten volumes to one; and he is justified in calling his book "an entertaining selection." His thirty-six chapters include among their subjects "Henry the VIIIth's Love Letters" (to Anne Boleyn), "Puritans in the Pillory," "The Evils of Chess," "The Art of Living in London," "Old Parr," "The Campden Mystery" and "Human Nature on the Scaffold."

His bold suggestion that The Campden Wonder may have been only a literary invention, comparable with the invention of Robinson Crusoe, appears from the evidence, to be plausible: but fortunately the evidence is not strong enough to rob us of a problem that can beguile the imagination for a winter of evenings. Much of the book is in the form of direct reprints from XVIth and XVIIth century pamphlets. The variety and flavour of the material should make it a companionable volume for readers who do not feel that entertainment is incompatible with the acquisition of knowledge. Too slight for the scholar and too informative for the empty-pate, these pages might



LINOCUT.

By SYBIL TRAVERS.

afford a week of pleasure to anyone who likes to browse among the by-fields of the past. The editor's comments are, for the most part, unobtrusive, but it is with a nasty jar that we find him referring to his Campden theory as "wild and woolly." Inexpressive slang is not the alternative to pomposity. Mr. Palmer deserves a word of praise for the sound and handsome production of the book.

Clifford Bax,

BEFORE THE DAWN. Poems Legendary and Lyrical. By HUGH L'ANSON FAUSSET. J. M. Dent & Sons. 5/- net.

Mr. Fausset has some reputation as a careful

literary artist and critic. His "Studies in Idealism" is a striking and provocative book of essays, but his poems appear to be the work of a practised writer of verse rather than of an inspired poet. He is capable of great felicities of expression, he is also the writer of the line:

"Thou burnishedst them anew."

It is fair to say that this is the worst line in the book and that the beauty of many of the poems will linger in the memory, but Mr. Fausset has yet to break down the barrier which separates promise from definite achievement.

Eric Gillett.



LINOCUT,

By A. T. WARBIS.

FOUR FRENCH COMEDIES OF THE XVIIIth CENTURY. Translated by RICHARD ALDINGTON. 7/6 net. Routledge & Sons.

Cast into the safe and elegant English of which the translator's name is a guarantee, the four plays in this volume will give the student of drama a representative glimpse of the French theatre in the XVIIIth century. He will wish to keep the book, but I do not think that he will often take it down from the shelf: unless, indeed, for the pleasure of re-reading Mr. Aldington's lively introduction. Of the four authors, only Marivaux tinged drama with an unique personality. Regnard, Lesage and Destouches—what were they but shadows thrown by the shadows of those who, themselves, were imitators of Terence? Mr. Aldington can feel cordially toward their work, but the figures in their comedies are clockwork puppets which, having been wound up by the author, can perform only a very limited series of actions. Marivaux's contribution lends distinction to the book. No generation could have profited more than our own might profit by the study of a writer so hypersensitive, but, for that reason, our generation is unlikely to give Marivaux the honour that is his due.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES. Translated, from the French version by H. I. WOOLF. 7/6 net. Routledge & Sons.

The publisher deserves credit for issuing a book so limited in its appeal and so uncommon in its interest as this volume of Tibetan plays. The plays are religious in subject and, at least as here presented, seem to be rather epic than dramatic in treatment. A very large portion of the text is narrative, and in order to appreciate the plays it is necessary to imagine the monasteries in which they are performed and the dances which accompany them. Readers who have tried to understand through translations the Noh plays of Japan will have realised that in some forms of Oriental drama the text is of subsidiary importance. From this it follows that when we have only the text before us we are not in a position to assay the value of the work in question. Nevertheless, we can perceive, through the pages of this book, the world as it appears to the unsophisticated mind: vast, shadowy, marvellous, unlimited in its possibilities, and controlled by a rough but simple justice. *Victor Black.*

SOME DO NOT. By F. M. FORD (Ford Madox Hueffer). 7/6 net. Duckworth.

In years to come we shall sort out the novels of the early twentieth century and make fresh editions of those which contribute best towards filling in the huge framework of contemporary manners and morals; and among this assortment, one, at least, of F. M. Ford's books should find a place. Mr. Ford has been accused of a peculiarly personal standpoint—it is sometimes complained that his characters are abnormal and improbable, but the fact remains, and by the best critics is recognised, that no one succeeds better in giving a composite picture of the age, or in showing, by the inter-play of these abnormal characters, how the upper classes of England appear to their generation.

Tietjens, the hero of "Some Do Not," is one of the most interesting and unusual versions of the inarticulate (or, popularly, "strong silent") type that the century has given us, and Mr. Ford has succeeded in illuminating a very much-maligned civil servant who is too proud to defend himself from calumny, while maintaining all the ideals and prejudices of the great tradition of good form, who is an exceptionally kind-hearted man, sensitive as a delicate child, with a brilliant statistical brain, and an extravagant sense of honour.

The author gives us a finely shaded picture of social England during the war—social England, that is to say, from an acute angle, not of the pleasures and passions of society as retailed by Mr. Stephen McKenna and others.

The women are less successful, but all interesting, from Mrs. Wannop, the plucky distraite novelist, of warm impetuous heart, mother and friend of the heroine, to Tietjens' cruel, exquisite wife, and the Rossetti-modelled ultra-feminine Mrs. Duchemin, wife first to an obscenely-mad professor, afterwards to Tietjens' friend, MacMaster, an impeccable, earnest, civil servant, assiduous in his pursuit of the cultured life.

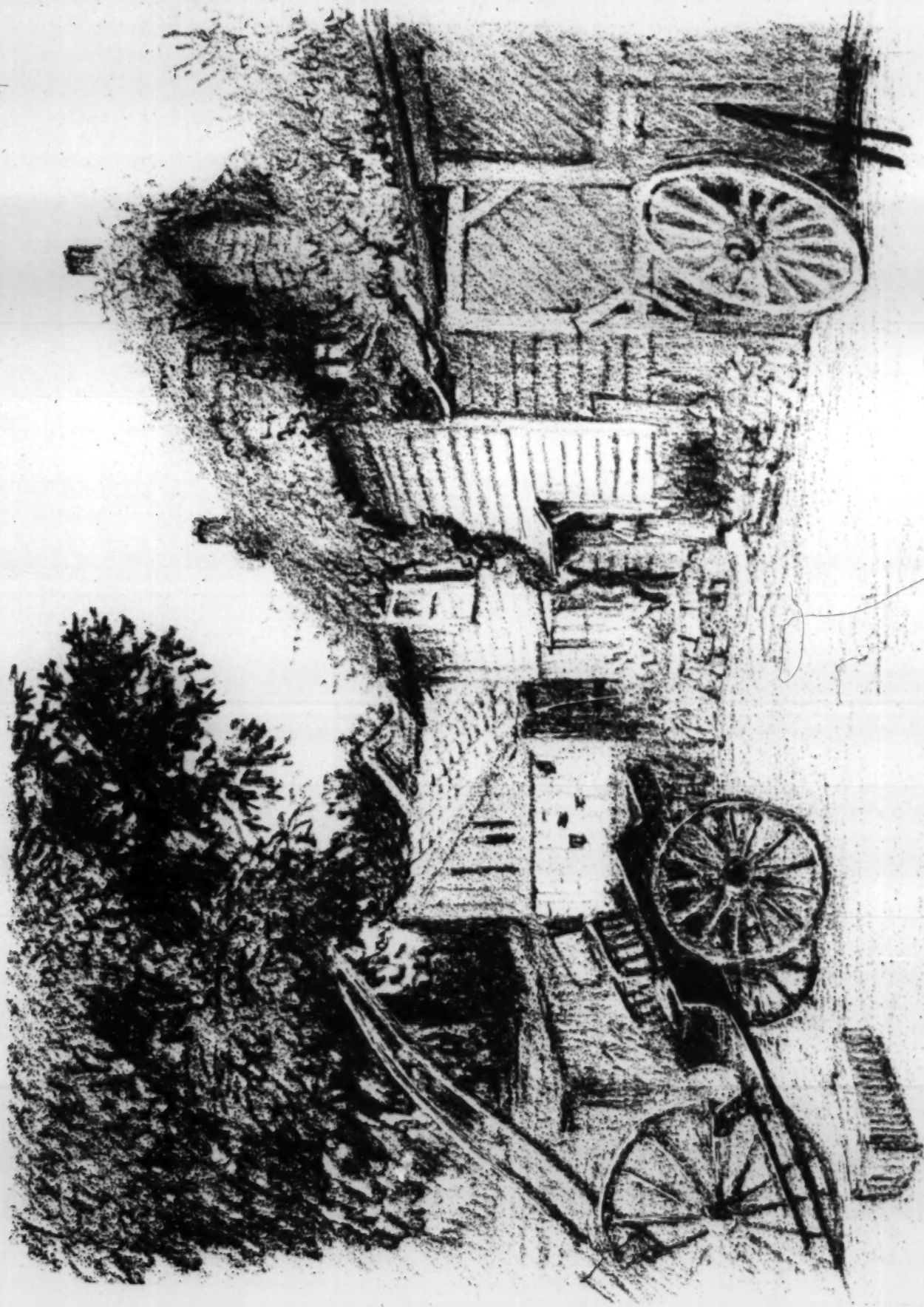
The scene at Mrs. Duchemin's breakfast party, where the main streams of the narrative converge and the real action of the plot begins, is superbly treated, MacMaster holding the scatological professor in check and thus awaking Mrs. Duchemin's admiration, which culminates in a sudden springing-up of passion between the two.

But it is impossible to pursue Tietjens' career as scapegoat for his friends in so brief a notice—those familiar with Mr. Ford's methods will know what to expect in the manner in which the story unfolds, but the matter is as vivid and poignant as anything he has yet given us. *Peter Renny.*



LINOCUT.

By ALFRED WARBIS.



By WALTER E. SPRADBERY.

LITHOGRAPH.



PEN DRAWING.

By JOHN AUSTEN.



THE RAMPARTS, ST. PAUL DU VAR.

By GLADYS FIELDING.



LINOCUT.

By L. M. WHITBY.



WOODCUT.

By EDITH M. RICHARDS



ZEUS & GANYMEDE.

By SIDNEY HUNT.



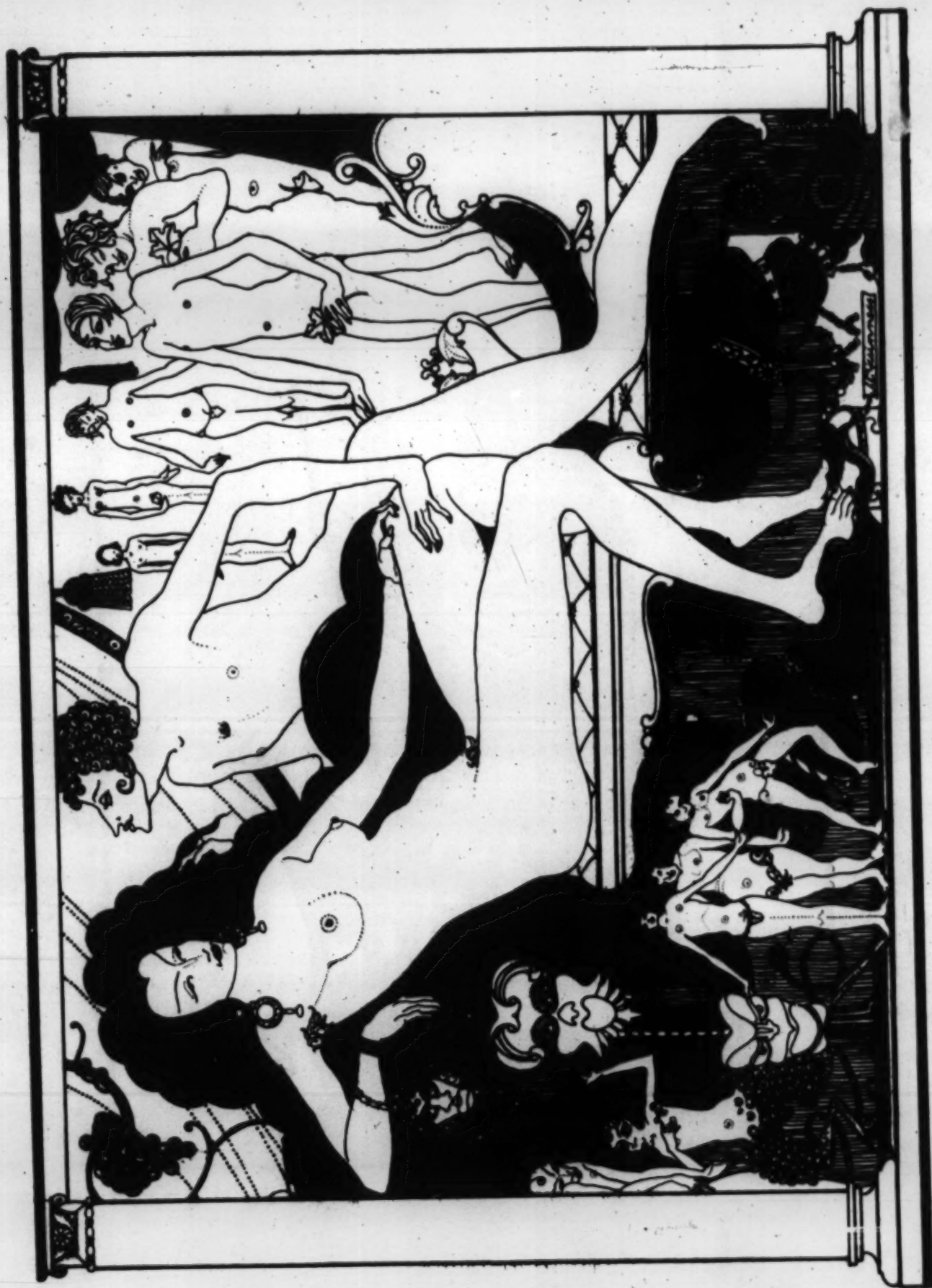
WOODCUT.

By NORA WRIGHT.



WOODCUT.

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BY NORA MCGUINNESS.

FAUSTINE.

